The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XXV.

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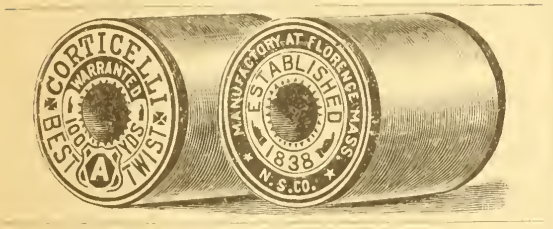

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. III. NEWTON, MASS., APRIL 9, 1892. No. 25

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MISS CAROLINE MUDGETT, Sp.

All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions and all business communications should be sent *in all cases*, to Helen Eager, Wellesley College, Wellesley Mass.

Advertisements should be addressed to Mr. Fred W. Walker 74 Tremont street, Room 21, Boston, Mass.

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EDITORIALS.

April has come and with it has returned the atmosphere of hard work to the College. There is never a reluctance among the students to return to work again after the March vacation. The term is short, and is followed by the long summer rest. The beautiful weather permits so much out-of-door enjoyment that the spring term is usually much anticipated. To the Freshman the delights of a Wellesley spring are as yet unknown, but they are eagerly awaited. The Sophomore and Junior remember the soft skies and the sunshine which May has brought to Wellesley in former years, and they dream happily of the coming joys of tennis and boating. But to the Senior there comes a feeling of regret as the spring term draws near. The last vacation is over. The work of the last term is begun. Though the prospects for her life work may be fair, and though her eagerness to enter upon this life work be very great, she cannot but be sad at the thought of separating forever from friends and associations which have grown dear to her, of leaving the College Beautiful which has been her home for four happy, busy years. Fortunately the Senior has not the time to realize fully the coming separation. The hard work which must be accomplished before the magical, blue-ribboned parchment is earned will give but little time to dwell upon vain regrets, or to realize what separation means.

Is Wellesley sufficiently protected in case of fire? When one considers the isolated position of our college buildings, and their distance from any large town, one dreads to think of the result should a fire break out in one of the buildings. It would mean destruction before outside aid could arrive. Although in our busy life we do not realize it or fear it, the danger of fire is ever-present, and every precaution should be taken against it. In case of fire the students must act, therefore it is of the utmost importance that they realize their responsibility and understand what to do. We have our fire brigades. But are they practised? Would they be prepared to act in a time of emergency? They drill but seldom, and often in a very unsystematic manner. It is very important that greater attention be paid to the drilling. The brigades should

meet at least once a month under the care of an experienced leader, and drill in a thorough and systematic manner as though the dreaded fire really threatened. If the students are carefully trained to know well what is expected of them, in a time of emergency they will be prepared to act and they will not fail in their results. Systematic drills at regular intervals are what we need for our Wellesley fire brigades.

We have heard much during the the past two years about the advantages of the University Extension movement in America. So much has been said in its favor that an article written against it promises to be interesting and demands attention. Prof. Palmer in the March Atlantic has an article entitled "Doubts about University Extension," which contains many points of interest. Prof. Palmer approves most highly of the aims of the movement, but he shows that in America the opportunities for its advancement are not so great as in England, and that under present conditions it can not be a permanent success. The main arguments of the article are these: In the first place there is not the same need for it in America as in England. There its great object was to bring the university learning out of its isolation into touch with the world. In America the colleges have always been in vital touch with the every day life of the world without the influence of the Extension movement. In the second place Prof. Palmer thinks that with the many opportunities for education in other ways, the people of America will not long retain an active interest in the work. The third objection raised is that it will be impossible here in America to find competent teachers and lecturers. In England the number of scholarly men capable of giving university instruction is large, while in America there are more Academic positions than there are men to fill them, and thus there can be no separate staff of university teachers as there is in England.

THE GOLD-FINCH.

A Portuguese sailor came into a bird-store in Boston. His dress was foreign, his complexion olive, lined and roughened as if by long exposure to wind and water. His eyes were troubled. He could talk little English, but he wanted a bird; the bird-fancier could not understand the name he gave. He looked at the parrots and shook his head violently. There was a bird of paradise, gay as the handkerchief around his neck, but he passed it by. The mocking bird burst into a gay song as the Portuguese stopped before his cage, but the man rubbed his hand across his eyes and passed on. A golden bobolink drooped his head sadly. He was thinking probably of June buttercups and brooks.

"Ah! de color! de color, dis," said the sailor, and his eyes smiled.

"Five dollars," said the dealer eagerly.

The man shook his head and muttered. The dealer looked indifferent again, and the Portugese began to leave the shop. As he reached the threshold there was a delicate little chirp, the faintest possible chirp, from a dark corner of the shop. The man stopped and listened.

"De voice," he said; "I vill have heim Mister."

The dealer was shown the bird, a small gold-finch.

"Vill he sing, Mister?" He was asked imploringly.

What did this rough man want with a gold-finch?

"O, yes," he responded carelessly; "keep him in the sun and give him water.

The sailor counted out the price, a lot of Spanish coin, silver and pennies, carefully tied up in a handkerchief very much soiled. It seemed to be all he had, but he handed it over to the dealer without a trace of hesitation. He took the bird in its clumsy cage and left.

The dealer went to the door and saw him running. He ran as only a sailor on land can run. I think a crab runs better.

The next day found him at his home. His home was on an island, a hundred miles from Boston. He had strayed there, along with a few others of his country, and fished for a living. His home had been built in colonial times, and long since deserted. It was gray-shingled and unpainted; its small windows had diamond panes. It stood on "The Bluffs." Below it, to the left, lay the New England fishing village, its white houses and red roofs cosily cuddled together in the sheltered hollow. It looked down on the wharves and docks, where the masts of tall schooners were, and the black hulks of time-worn whalers. Before it was the harbor with its many sand bars, reefs and shoals, and always, in fair weather and foul, "The Wreck," in shape like a colossal slipper, a Louis Quatorze one at that, with a heel whose height would have delighted our grandmothers. It was always there dark and silent, a reminder never-failing, of the treacheries of the sea. A stranger child, who once visited the island, thought it the shoe of the old woman with the inconveniently large family of children.

To the right of this gray-shingled house lay the ocean, below the Bluffs; and on the Bluffs, just within sight of their windows, was the little grave-yard of long ago. Here the first settlers had buried their Priscillas and Patiences in the forgotten past. The silvery sedge waved above them, the sea plashed below, and they quietly awaited God's day.

Here the Portuguese sailor lived and his wife and his little girl. His little girl was ill. She had had a fever for a week, and she would speak to no one. They were very lonely, this Portuguese sailor and his dark-eyed wife, and, when they looked at the little girl, they were almost broken-hearted. She lay in a room that looked toward the grave-yard. The window was not clean; you could scarcely see the trees outside. But the little girl could not have seen outside had the window been clean. The gold-finch hung at the window.

"He must have the sun," said the man.

So the woman washed the windows clean. Then the sun came in and shone in the little room. It showed the dirt on the floor, and the dirt on the old-fashioned mantel, for they were not neat people, these Portuguese. Then the woman swept the floor, and the man put some golden-rod in a cup on the mantel, and the bird sang once, and the little girl moved her head and smiled.

But the bird always looked out of the window at the sun, and never did it turn its little head and look at the bed. This made the man and woman very sad, for they had brought a strange belief with them from the land whence they came. If a gold-finch was brought into the room where a sick person lay and looked at the sick person, he would be saved. But, if the gold-finch would never look the sick person would die, and there was no hope for him.

The little gold-finch was very fond of the sun, and would always keep looking at it. And, when the bird went to sleep at night he tucked his little head under his wing and was not anxious to look anywhere but out of doors. He could not know that he was looking all the while at graves, mostly of little children; nor could he know that if he looked but once at the little girl on the bed she would live. No, how could he know? But the man and the woman loved the gold-finch, because when he had sung once the little girl had smiled.

"Vill he sing," asked the little girl. Her tone was so piteous, her dark eyes so pleading. Her father kissed her wan forehead, and brushed away the tears from his eyes.

"Yes, darling," he replied. The little girl shut her eyes. She was too tired to speak

again. She was too tired to open her eyes, too tired to look at the bird, and the bird—he did not look at her.

Then there came the hour, when they sat by the bed, that man and woman. Their lips were white, their hands were cold, the tears burned dry in their sleepless eyes. The long golden sunset lighted the room, and just touched the brow of the sleeping child. She lifted her head, "I hear de singing," she murmured.

"Darling," said the man, for the gold-finch had not sung.

"My darling," they said together, and bent low. Their tears mingled.

The minister came up from the fishing village, and they buried their child in the grave-yard on the Bluffs.

The little Portuguese maiden slept beside the Puritan Priscilla.

They opened the cage, and the gold-finch flew away. He flew to the grave-yard, and perching on a tall golden-rod, sang above her grave.

Florence Wilkinson.

COLLEGE NOTES.

WEEKLY BULLETIN.

Monday, April 11, 7.30 p. m., Lecture by Prof. Sedgwick.

Thursday evening, April 14, Address by Rev. Horace Bumstead, D.D., of Atlanta College.

Sunday, April 17, Easter Day, Preaching by Prof. W. J. Tucker of Andover.

Monday evening, April 18, Concert.

Dean Lawrence, of Cambridge, preached in the Chapel on Sunday morning, March 20. His text is found in Luke 10: 20, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you, but rather rejoice because your names are written in heaven." Dean Lawrence emphasized the fact that true goodness lies in our *being*, not in our *doing*.

On Monday evening, March 10, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore gave in the chapel her noted lecture on "A Dream of Tomorrow," thus completing the final entertainment in the course for the benefit of the Monroe fund. Miss Currier, before introducing the speaker, announced the financial success of this series. Six hundred dollars has been raised by ticket-money, and this, added to a gift lately made of one hundred and eighty dollars, swells the Monroe fund to about four thousand dollars. Mrs. Livermore's lecture was listened to with increasing interest, as leaving the calm tone in which she described the past civilization of man, she grew earnestly enthusiastic over the happy tomorrow, which she most optimistically believes must come. She opened by comparing the human race to a ship sent out by the government on a secret commission. Each day the orders for the next twenty-four hours are unrolled by the captain, and it is not until after many days of sailing that the crew begins from various signs to discover the destination of the vessel. Thus the human race has been led on step by step, not realizing its glorious destiny, until at this present time, taking the history of the past into account, the future can not fail to be seen in clear vision.

Mrs. Livermore traced in an interesting manner the past development of the race, showing what it has accomplished in invention, in the fine arts, and in moral and intellectual strength; and then in glowing terms she depicted the day when man's body, even, shall tingle with brains to his very finger-tips, when he shall have complete control of the material world, and when the brotherhood of the race shall be indeed perfect.

Miss Willis and Miss Hasbrook, both of '95, entertained some of their classmates at their rooms in the village on Saturday evening, March 19, with a flower party, each feature of the entertainment being most ingeniously and charmingly devised to suggest a flower.

Miss Ella Polly Chapin, '94, has left College.

Miss Frances Pullen, '94, has left College.

Miss Elizabeth Hardee, '94, has been received into the membership of the Shakespeare Society.

Miss Esther Pruden, formerly of 93, spent the afternoon of March 16th at the College.

The poor Freshman is now prepared to be attacked on every side by crowds of designing upper-class (?) friends who are longing to know the Tree Day Secrets. Watch yourself closely, my friend!

One of the best concerts that has been given by the Beethoven Society for several years was that of Monday evening, March 21st. The Society was assisted by the Boston soloists, Miss Minnie Stowell, Miss Emma S. Howe, Miss Mabel L. Lawrence, Mrs. R. D. Carter, and Miss Tucker. The first part of the program consisted of three numbers. Miss Bartlett of Natick took the place of Miss Helen Foss in the solo of the first number. Mrs. Stowell's piano solos, forming the second number, were enthusiastically received by the audience. Schumann's "Schlummerlied" and "Novelette" in B minor were played with much delicacy and expression, and the brilliant Liszt Polonaise in E major showed Miss. Stowell's wonderful power of execution to great advantage. The third number was an exceedingly well rendered waltz song by Strauss, "The Wooing of the Rose."

The second part of the program consisted of Henry Smart's Cantata, "King René's Daughter," with cast as follows:

Iolanthe . . . . . Miss Emma S. Howe.
Martha . . . . Miss Mabel L. Lawrence.
Beatrice . . . . . Mrs. R. D. Carter.
First Soprano . . . Miss Emma S. Howe.
First Contralto . . . . . Miss Tucker.

The difficult choruses were well sung by the Society, and showed careful training and work. The audience especially appreciated the trio "Now Amulet and Spell," by Miss Howe, Miss Lawrence and Mrs. Carter. The duet and chorus, "Sweet the Angelus is Ringing," was enjoyable for its softness and delicacy, and the solo and chorus, "René, the King," formed a most effective finale to a very pleasing concert. The program was as follows:—

PART I.

Soprano Solo and Chorus.

"The veil of eve is falling"—Brown.
Miss Bartlett and the Society.

Piano Solos.

Solfeggietto, C minor . . . . . E. Bach.
Schlummerlied } . . . . . Schumann.
Novellette, B minor }
Feblian . . . . . Raff.
Polonaise, in E major . . . . . Liszt.
Miss Stowell.

Chorus.

"The Wooing of the Rose" . . . Strauss.

PART II.

King Rene's Daughter.

1. Overture.
2. Chorus—"Valley of Summer Flowers."
3. Trio and Chorus—"See how gay the valley shines."
4. Duet and Chorus—"There is a fair maid."
5. Recit. and Arietta—"From her bower."
6. Quartette—"Who hath seen the troubadoor."
7. Scene and Chorus—"The spell has wrought."
8. Recit. and Air—"White or red."
9. Recit.—"What magic in a minstrel's song!"
10. Trio—"Now amulet and spell."
11. Duet and Chorus—Sweet the angelus is ringing."
12. Recit. and Chorus—"Oh! what a dawn."
13. Finale—Solo and Chorus—"Rene, the King."

On the last Sunday evening of the winter term, March 20, a delightful vesper service was held in Stone Hall parlor, conducted by members of the Glee Club, who were assisted by several other musical inmates of Stone

Hall. The whole program was a most enjoyable one, and there was no one present who did not wish that such a song service was a more common occurrence at Wellesley.

The regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in the Art Library on Saturday evening, March 19. The following was the program for the evening:

The Decline of the Drama.

The Drama of the Restoration and Queen Anne Period.

I. Shakespeare News - - - Miss Smith.
II. Dryden, the Representative Restoration Dramatist - Miss Alice Pierce.
III. Wycherly - - Miss Millicent Pierce.
IV. Milton's "Comus" - Miss Bartholomew.
V. Causes for the Decline found in the drama of this Period - Miss Lincoln.
VI. Dramatic Representation.

"Winter's Tale."—Act IV., Scene III.

Florizel - - - - - -	Miss Reid.
Perdita - - - - - -	Miss Crapo.
Polixenes - - - - -	Miss Lucas.
Camillo - - - - - -	Miss Stahr.
Shepherd - - - - -	Miss Pope.
Shepherds and Shepherdesses	Miss Randolph. Miss Campbell. Miss Newman. Miss Anderson.

VII. Discussion—
What is the influence of the Drama of the Restoration on later Dramatic Literature?

Miss Mabel Frost, '91, Miss Carol Dresser, '90, Miss Cora Stewart, Sp., Miss Helen Drake, Sp., and Miss Genevieve Stuart, '91, visited at the College during the last week of last term.

Miss Maud Nias gave a small whist party in honor of Miss McArthur at Stone Hall, March 22.

Miss Mary Clemence, '81-'82, was the guest of Miss Sarah Emerson Wednesday, March 16.

Miss Anna Holman, '88-'90, visited at the Eliot just before the Spring vacation.

On Monday evening, March 21st, "Der Deutshe Verein," of Harvard University, gave its annual reception at Robert's Hall, Cambridge. The guests represented both Harvard Annex and Wellesley. Of the latter there were present Fräulein Wenckebach, Fräulein Margarethe Müller, Fräulein Elsbeth Müller, Fräulein Wyneken, and about fifty students, chiefly those of the German tables.

The Wellesley party was met at Newton by a few members of the "Verein," who conducted them to chartered horse cars, and a ride of forty-five minutes brought them to the hall. The Verein, assisted by Mrs. Paul, Mrs. Schilling, Mrs. Briggs, and Mrs. Von Jagermann, were very cordial in their welcome, and the ice of formality was quickly broken. This may have been aided by the fact that English was the accepted language, German seemingly being dreaded by the "Verein" as much, if not more, than by the guests. An address by the President, Mr. Ahlers, expressed anew the welcome of the Club, and then told briefly the purpose of the "Verein," to study Deutshes Wissen and Wesen—the first, by their reading: the second, by their social intercourse. So much did they enjoy their club that they hoped before long Wellesley would form a similar one, so that in future an invitation might read, "The Verein of Harvard to the Verein of Wellesley." A later address by Prof. Franke, spoke of the political future of Germany when "Einheit" and "Freiheit" should be harmoniously united. During the evening music was very kindly furnished by members of the glee and banjo clubs. All seemed to enjoy themselves, and ten o'clock came very quickly. Goodnights were said with the Wellesley cheer, and responded to by the "Rah's" of Harvard.

Young gentleman caller. Is Miss Blank in?

Office-girl. The first name, please.

Young gentleman (with hesitation.) My name's George.

LITERARY NOTES.

The *Educational Review* has an article by Brander Matthews on the question *Can Literature be Taught?* The war being now waged in Oxford and Cambridge is explained, and the prominence of examinations is held responsible for the opinion that *English* literature at any rate, can not be taught. *The Fortnightly*, gives us an estimate of George Meredith by Professor Dowden and rates his poems, especially *Modern Love*, very high. His clear insight and unsparing analysis compensate for the absence of suggestion as to the solutions of difficult problems. A comparison between George Eliot and Mrs. Humphry Ward is made by Chas. T. Copeland in the *North American Review*, which suggests more points of difference than of likeness. George Eliot began as a novelist, and ended as a moralist: Mrs. Ward began as a moralist, and has she yet become a novelist? Religion apart, there is no good excuse for confounding ethics with genius, conscience with art, or Mrs. Ward with George Eliot. Madame Adam, in writing on *French Girls* tells us that their emancipation is resulting from the intercourse with American and English girls, and consoles French mothers by observing, "if our daughters belong less to us, they belong more to themselves, and if we have much more unhappy lives, perhaps they are becoming far happier." An attractive edition of *Bilderbuch ohne Bilder* comes to us this week from D. C. Heath and Co. Notes, vocabulary, and illustrations, including a cut of Andersen's bust, are added to the familiar stories, and the book can safely be placed in the hands of beginners in German. Ginn and Co. publish a new edition of *Hamlet*, arranged for study by Carroll Lewis Maxey. Besides explanatory notes at the end of each act, questions call the attention of the young student to important points and lists of familiar passages enable him to place quotations readily.

The History of David Grieve. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (MacMillan and Co.) A novel in four parts, whose object is to show that the most hopeless marriage, if nobly borne, is better worth having than an ideal *union libre*. In order to prove her point, Mrs. Ward has taken a few simple facts in the life of her hero, and padded them around with a good deal of reflection and discussion on religion, ethics and life. Most of her care has been expended on David, and the minor characters have but little reality. Even some of David's acts seem to be less the outcome of his own character than the results of the novelist's pre-arranged plan. His passion for Elsie does not carry us away, and his affection for Lucy seems merely proper and convenient. Almost all the characters find prototypes in Robert Ellsmere, but Louie is less real than Rose, Dora is almost an afterglow of Catherine, and Anerum has neither the dignity nor strength of Gray. There is almost no humour to relieve the story, and many parts are read with effort. One wonders why such a woman as Mrs. Ward must be does not produce a fine and noble woman character, and must rest contented with the explanation that men interest her more, and that her best self has been put into Ellsmere and Grieve.

Noah Porter, D. D., LL., formerly president of Yale College, died at his home in New Haven March 4. An account of his life is found in the *Yale Literary*, also in *The Dartmouth*.

The summer vacation at Wesleyan has been lengthened from eleven to thirteen weeks.

A Scotch girl, 20 years old, has carried off the honors of the entrance examination, at the University of London. Over 1,600 men took the examination.—Ex.

In 1850 only one co-educational college existed in this country, at which six women were in attendance.—Ex.

EXCHANGES.

The Vassar Miscellany for March has four literary articles, among which *Memories of Childhood* takes the lead. Although the sorrows of that dusky period are more dwelt upon than the joys, and the writer has generalized somewhat too freely from her own experience, the reminiscences are full of quick sympathy for a class little understood, and suggest the value of close attention to the minds and thoughts of the little beings who have all life to solve and understand. *Van Delfts Decision* presents the old problem of the intrinsic value of truth, and we are left to decide whether the hero's satisfaction in his own honesty compensates for the wreck made in his sister's life by his avowal of her lover's unworthiness. The story is impressive. The narrow life and irregular *verselets* of Emily Dickinson attract the attention of one writer, who asks, but does not answer, whether the poetess has permanent value for the public. The honor system is defended in *Points of View*, and it is due rather to the merits of the subject than the earnestness of the writer that the defence is weak.

The *Nassau Lit.*, in an article on *Wordsworth's Passion*, claims for the poet the divine madness which reveals in a flash the invisible world, and enables us to "see into the life of things." A poem on *The Love of Downa Sancha* stands at the head of the literary contributions for this month.

The *University Magazine* has a leading article on *The Scope of Modern Languages in our Colleges, and the Best Methods of Teaching Them.* The "Natural Method" is condemned as unnatural and irrational for mature students, translation into English is very sparingly to be used, and every means for getting at the *thought* of the author, rather than understanding the details, is to be used. *The Trustees of Truth for the Future* are pointed out by Rev. Wm. Channcy Langdon, and the young men of the present are compared with those of the past. The former accept on trust fewer of the opinions and convictions of past generations than the latter, and are characterized by an insistence on truth "for the truth's sake." The strength of this transition epoch is brought out, and earnest young men of the present are asked to help the church in correcting its errors and adapting itself to the present age.

The leading article in *The Yale Literary* mentions *Some University Influences* which are, and some which should be. The university spirit demands elective work, as prescribed studies would be elected by those who value them, and only foster habits of superficiality and mental dishonesty in those who do not. Compulsory church is opposed to the university spirit as well as to the spirit of christianity, and only makes services odious to the unwilling attendant. Study for one's own satisfaction rather than marks, honors or public recognition, is only beginning among our university students, but is the essence of the scholarly spirit.

The following poem appears:

SIMPLICITY.

Within his silent, high observatory
Beside a telescope, the scholar thought.
For him the star-light was no silver glory;
Nor charm had Venus, through her mystic story:—
The stars were worlds. Their mystery he sought.

Within his little bed, a child of seven
Gazed out upon the star-bespangled night,
And prayed: "O God, how bright must be thy Heaven,
If through the very chinks I see such light!"

The *Brown Magazine* attracts us especially in its article on *Lack of Literary Appreciation.* Business men turn to newspapers with serene indifference to Shakespeare, Milton and Browning: acquisition of facts rather than

meditation on the relations between facts, seems to harmonize with the scientific aspect of the day. The specializing so rampant in colleges directs the embryonic doctor to chemistry, physiology and biology, the civil engineer to higher mathematics, the future clergyman to Greek and Hebrew, the coming lawyer to the social sciences and constitutional history, and leaves literature to the would-be journalist and writer. *Popular Education* is a readable paper on a subject now prominently before the public. Several good poems appear, of which we quote one:—

THE NIGHT STORM.

The tortured ghosts are sighing in the wind;
With tearful voice they sob among the leaves,
They beat the creaking boughs against the caves,
And dash the floods of rain across the blind.
Between the blasts some pause, as if resigned
To bear their doom; 'till pent up anguish grieves
Their souls afresh. Then agony relieves
With maddened cries of pain, the frenzied wind.

Beside my lamp I sit, and force my eyes
Along the columns of a learned page,
But other thoughts are whirling in my brain,—
The rushing turmoil of the wind and rain,
The moans of spirits swept from age to age,
Disconsolate through drear eternities.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

A very pleasant reception was given by the St. Louis Wellesley Association on the evening of February 27th, in the parlors of Hosmer Hall. About one hundred guests were present, including quite a number of graduates of other women's colleges at present resident in the city. It is one purpose of this association to fraternize with other college women as much as possible. This occasion might be termed the debut of this youngest among the organized bands of Wellesley's loyal daughters. This association was organized by Mrs. Palmer at a dinner given to her by the Wellesley girls of St. Louis on her visit to that city last June. The meetings have been held regularly and have been well attended, the program generally consisting of a paper by some one of the members, the reading of some article of interest to college women from one of the current magazines, items of college news from the PRELUDE or from personal letters, with ample margin for sociability and renewal of old associations. One paper on "Our Curriculum from a Teacher's Standpoint," by Miss Jessie Allen, '87, has already found its way to the columns of the PRELUDE. Though few in numbers as yet, this association is great in its ambition and already burns to accomplish some mission. It has already voted to raise a fund to send some St. Louis girl to Wellesley in the future. Through its secretary, Miss Mary L. Taylor, (3921 Cook ave., St. Louis, Mo.) this association would be glad to communicate with other and older Wellesley associations for greetings, information and fellowship.

On February twenty-second Miss Helen Holmes and Miss Elsie Thalheimer, of '89, gave a pleasant and successful entertainment at Plymouth, Mass., for the benefit of the Norumbega Fund. Music, reading by Miss Edith Bickford of Boston, a sale of fancy articles and confectionery, and a circulating library were pleasant features of the occasion.

Mrs. Mary Sheldon Barnes of Palo Alto, Professor of History at Wellesley '78-'80, has been appointed Assistant Professor of Modern History at Leland Stanford University.

Miss Genie Hickok, '90, has been obliged on account of ill health to give up her work as teacher in the Normal School at Meriden, Conn.

Miss Kittie Jones, '84, gave an interesting talk on the work of the King's Daughters, at the Congregational parsonage, Whitman, Mass., on March fourth.

BORN.

In Arlington, Mass., a son, Irving Sylvester, to Mrs. Nannie Squire Hill.

MARRIED.

DEAN—ROSS—Oct. 21st, 1891, Miss Martha W. Dean, student at Wellesley, '80-'81, to Mr. Frank A. Ross of Columbus, Wis.

TODD—SMITH—In Fayetteville, N. Y., Jan. 27th, Miss Millie R. Todd, '90, to Mr. Harry H. Smith. At home after March 2nd, 28 McDonough st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DIED.

In Dorchester, Mass., March 19th, Mr. Nehemiah Berry, father of Miss Fanny Howe Berry, student at Wellesley, '75-'78.

In Thomasville, Ga., Feb. 12th, Judge John Kemp Goodloe, father of Misses Abbie C. Goodloe, '89, and Caroline Goodloe, '86-'89.

WABAN RIPPLES.

AT THE SHORE.

Aspiring Rustic. Do you study Shakespeare at your school?

Wellesley Girl. Yes.

A. R. Do you ever act any of the plays?

W. G. Yes.

A. R. Now ain't that nice. Do you know, now, I'm thinking of going on the stage?

W. G. I wish you success. What character do you intend to study?

A. R. Richard the Three. You just say something to me out o' that play and I'll show you.

W. G. "My Lord, the Duke of Buckingham is in the field."

A. R. (*Who has assumed Richard's posture as commonly depicted.*) Let down the bars and turn the rascal out!

BETWEEN THE COURSES.

Junior. (coming for the dessert.) Washington pie!

Domestic. Yes, he's dead, but his foe still lives.

Small Niece. Now, Aunty Katharine, we'll go upstairs and play with the dolly house.

Smaller Niece. I'm going too. (*She goes, and begins to bang the dolls' heads together.*)

Small Niece. There now! (*She proceeds to box her little sister, who is borne off by her mother to have her wounds dressed.*)

Small Niece. Now, Aunty Katharine, it's all nice; we can go on, and play with the dollies.

Aunty K. (*solemnly.*) I don't think I want to play with such a naughty little girl.

Small Niece. Oh, very well: if you feel that way, you can just sit down in the corner and come to play by and bye when you feel better.

Freshman (*in the Bookstore.*) Please give me half a dozen *chapel excuses.*

AFTER THE FRESHMAN MEETING.

Freshman (*at the table.*) That was a very pretty *hammer* which the Sophs gave our President.

Sophomore. What!

Freshman. Wasn't it a hammer—Why, she hammered with it.

AT THE ELECTION.

Freshman (*to factotum.*) Oh please, Miss ——, give me back my ballot. I made a mistake.

Factotum. I'm afraid I can't tell which it is. I have several others in my hand, you see.

Freshman. Oh, but I *must* have it back! I forgot and voted for a Sophomore.

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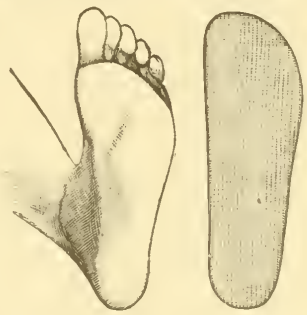

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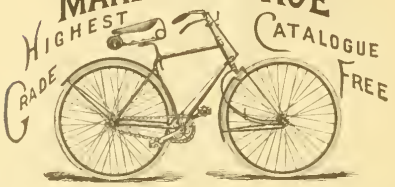

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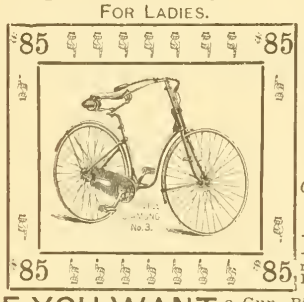

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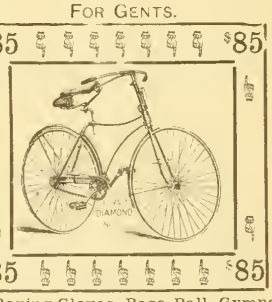

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